WESTERN PEOPLE

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BARN FANCIER

WESTERN PEOPLE

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3 **Humor**
— Teenagers redefine the at-home dining experience.

4

Fiction
— "The Cloverdale Clay Girl," by Cheryl Rhodes.

6 **Drawing Power**
— Ron Thring brings farm life to . . . well, life . . . through his drawings.

8 **Cover Story**
— Greg Raskob has a thing for barns.

10 **Prairie Nights**
— What to look for in the June night sky.

11 **Books**
— "In Her Own Time" and "Betting the House" are reviewed.

12 **Prairie Wildlife**
— Instalment No. 1,581 of Doug Gilroy's nature column.

13 **KiDSPiN!**
— Art and activities for youth.

15 **Puzzles and Mailbox**

Withered Hand

The withered hand
with its bent old fingers,

Along the path of life
it lingers.

The fragile bones
seem withered away.

Though so young it seemed
just yesterday.

But beneath every line,
and every crease,

lie the treasures
of knowledge and peace.

— **Laura Jensen**

COVER PHOTOS
Top: Barn near Minot, N.D.; Bottom: Hanson barn near Harris, Sask. Photos by Greg Raskob. Story, page 8.

Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome
Editor: Michael Gillgannon
Features Ed.: Karen Morrison, Sheila Robertson
Editorial Assistant: Donna Skaalid
E-mail: **people@producer.com**

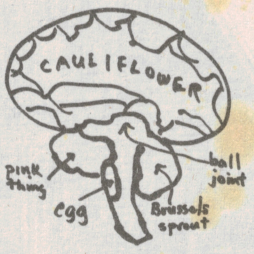
Dear Reader

There was a flurry in the papers earlier this year about London cab drivers having bigger brains (hippocampi to be exact) than the average mortal. The hippocampus is a ridge in the floor of each lateral ventricle of the brain that consists mainly of gray matter and plays an important role in memory processes.

Don't ask me what a lateral ventricle is.

Anyway, knowing your way around the insanity of London streets apparently makes the hippocampi work overtime. And the more they work, the bigger they get.

So this leads me to wonder if any part of an editor's brain is bigger than the Average Joe's comparable brain part. The liver of course is bigger, but what about the noggin?



Referring to this handy-dandy picture of the brain, it is easy to spot the Brussels sprout, which maintains balance and posture. Obviously, an editor's Brussels sprout would be no bigger than a pecan, while a figure skater's would barely fit into a bowling ball bag.

The "egg" is responsible for various involuntary functions, such as snorting when facing a split infinitive or retching when more than one poem about spring crocuses arrives in the morning mail. Therefore, an editor's egg can be expected to be largish. The ball joint, on the other hand, being the pivot point where the cauliflower whirls around inside the skull, is almost useless to an editor, while to a hockey player it is the brain's most vital part.

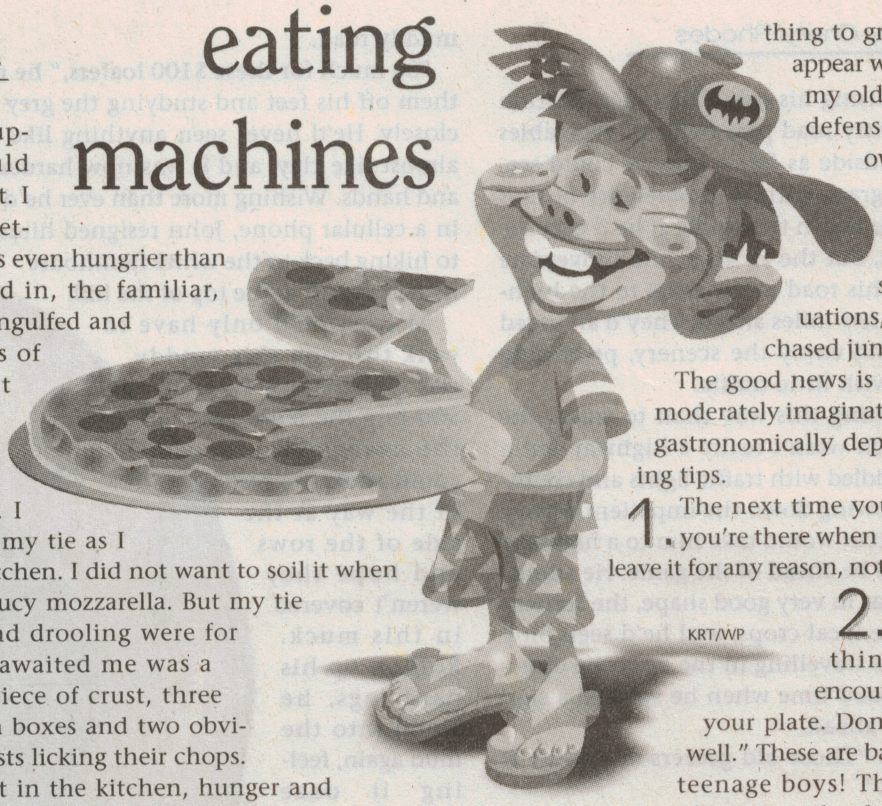
The cauliflower is responsible for avoiding striped shirts with checked pants. The cauliflower of most editors is small but to compensate, the pink thing is big. The pink thing is where you go when you want to know if a hot dog is a "wiener" or a "weiner."

Michael Gillgannon

The incredible eating machines

Humor by Vilnis Muiznieks

Pizza for supper. I could hardly wait. I was late getting home, so I was even hungrier than usual. As I walked in, the familiar, seductive aroma engulfed and excited me. Burps of contentment caught my ears, indicating that my two sons were already supping. I started taking off my tie as I rushed into the kitchen. I did not want to soil it when I dove into the saucy mozzarella. But my tie considerations and drooling were for naught. All that awaited me was a small, sauceless piece of crust, three large, empty pizza boxes and two obviously efficient beasts licking their chops.



KRT/WP

Disappointment in the kitchen, hunger and that ripped-off feeling are common side effects of supporting gluttonous teenage boys.

Things were not always like this. I distinctly remember that when Ward Cleaver, of Leave It To Beaver fame, came home late, June would rush him a hot, heaping plate from the oven. That's probably why Beaver's dad was such an even-tempered guy.

Now, if you're parenting teenage sons and get home late, you'll have to settle for unwanted remains. In other words, your digestive system will have to adapt to processing Brussels sprouts, cabbage and other gas-producing goodies your teens find objectionable.

My wife, Sylvia, trying to justify why only scraps are left for me, said: "The boys are always so hungry. And you know they're still growing."

My response was: "They're both bigger than me. I'm the one who needs to catch up!"

Even leftovers don't get left over. Last week, Sylvia fried 12 sumptuous pieces of chicken. The four of us enjoyed eight incredibly delicious pieces at dinner. While Sylvia and I slept dreaming about the next day's promising lunch, Max, our six-foot "baby," rummaged through the fridge and polished off the works.

Our guys aren't the only culprits. One of my son's friends, Phil, feels so comfortable in our home that the first thing he does on arriving is check out the fridge and pantry for something to graze on. Even prunes disappear when Phil's around. Lately, my oldest son Rudi, strictly as a defensive move to protect his own interests, has warned me of pending arrivals: "Phil's on his way. Get the good stuff out of sight." Often in these situations, we employ specially purchased junk food as a decoy.

The good news is that by being crafty and moderately imaginative, you need not remain gastronomically deprived. I offer the following tips.

1. The next time you order pizza, make sure you're there when it arrives. And then, don't leave it for any reason, not even to wash your hands.

2. Forget those ingrained habits from childhood — things your mom used to encourage, like: "Don't overload your plate. Don't rush. Chew your food well." These are bad, bad tactics if you have teenage boys! They already have faster reflexes, quicker hands and bigger mouths than you do, so why concede more with reckless behavior?

Following Mom's advice may, at best, earn you steamed broccoli for seconds.

3. Hide the good stuff in safe places. Bury it in the fridge's vegetable compartment or beneath the dried legumes in the pantry. But never, never admit to any trickery! When your teen asks, "What happened to the premium cheddar?" deftly evade the question by responding, "It was in the fridge yesterday." This will dupe him. He'll figure he ate it in his sleep.

4. Label things you don't want gobbled up. For example, stick a sign on treasured dainties saying: "Eat only if you want to clean toilet bowls tomorrow."

5. Store decadent, high-quality frozen treats with neighbors who don't have teenagers — but be ready to quickly implement recovery and relocation procedures if you learn they'll be hosting friends with teenagers for more than a few minutes. Concurrently, save old frozen vegetable packages for repackaging items you want to ensure survive incognito in the freezer for your future, private indulgence.

6. Pretend you're not hungry and fill up your teens with cheap fare. After they and their entourage get stuffed and leave, pull out the gourmet steaks.

The bottom line is you don't have to let your food-guzzling teenagers leave you grumpy, hungry or gaseous. The right tactics can help you best the ravenous beasts. ■

The Cloverda

Fiction by Cheryl Rhodes

John Ward was cruising his new Chevrolet Citation along a back country road past fields of vegetables that lined the roadside as far as the eye could see. Acres of meadow grass, corn, and blueberry bushes waved as he sped past. He began to wonder if he'd ever see the main highway again, but the locals at the Cloverdale Diner had assured him this road ran parallel to the highway, joining up with it a few miles ahead. They'd all urged him to take the route and enjoy the scenery, promising him the road was good with little traffic.

It would be quicker going this way than to travel the Lockheed Highway, which wasn't really a highway but a two-lane thoroughfare riddled with traffic lights and countless semi-trailer trucks slowing down the impatient drivers of smaller cars. The shortcut would take him to a highway exit farther east, and he'd be ahead of the game. He admitted to himself the road was in very good shape, the scenery was good if you liked the local crops, and he'd seen only a couple of other vehicles travelling in the opposite direction. John was making good time when he spotted a sign warning of a gravel road ahead.

"Darn," he said aloud. "Those old geezers didn't say it wasn't paved all the way."

He eased off the gas as his tires crunched over the dusty rocks. As far as gravel roads went, this one was in fine shape and John was able to maintain a good pace as he crested a hill. He had time to admire an old-fashioned farmhouse on his right, but as he reached the summit of the hill the composition of the road suddenly changed from loose gravel to mud. John felt his wheels sink a little as the mud sucked against them. But he had enough momentum to continue and he caught sight of the blacktop road, about half a mile away.

"Just a little bit more," he encouraged his car, focusing intently on the paved section and leaning forward as if to help propel it through the mud.

Unfortunately, at the bottom of the hill the mud became much deeper and he felt the wheels bog down and spin uselessly. Cursing, John shifted into reverse, then back into drive, hoping he could rock the car out of the mud. He tried different gears. He tried giving it a little gas, then, in frustration, a lot of gas. He pounded the horn in anger as he realized his car was firmly embedded in the muddy road.

He opened the door and stepped out to better survey the condition of the wheels. Instantly, John's shoes were covered in the muck and he floundered, flailing his arms desperately in an effort to keep his balance. Luckily, he managed to sit back down in his car seat instead of the muddy road.

"So much for these $100 loafers," he muttered, yanking them off his feet and studying the grey mud a little more closely. He'd never seen anything like its texture. It was almost like clay, and it was now hardening on his shoes and hands. Wishing more than ever he'd invested in a cellular phone, John resigned himself to hiking back to the white farmhouse he had passed at the top of the hill.

At least he'd only have to walk through this muddy clay to the side of the road and hop the fence into the cornfields. He could walk the rest of the way at the side of the rows and hope they weren't covered in this muck. Rolling up his pant legs, he stood into the mud again, feeling it ooze around his toes. Then he saw a young lady pushing her way through the corn stalks. A fresh-faced country beauty with long red hair tied in braids, she was wearing blue jean cut-offs and a plaid shirt tied in a knot at her waist. She waved at him, and John waved back.

Cheryl McFie

"Hi there," he called. "My car's stuck in the mud and I need to phone a tow truck. Can you help?"

"Yeah, I was watching you from my house," she replied, pointing at the faded white farmhouse on the hill. "I can go back and call you a truck if you like, but it'll take him about an hour to get here, and he'll probably charge you a lot. The last time someone got stuck, he charged two hundred bucks to tow him out."

"Ouch. That's outrageous."

"Maybe so," the girl agreed. "But when people get stuck in the mud, what are they going to do? Abandon their car?"

ale Clay Girl

The girl reached his car and she appeared to be in her late teens. She was barefoot and walking calmly through the muck as if she had done this many times before. They heard the sound of an engine and glanced up the hill. A green Ford Taurus was crawling down the hill on the opposite side of the road. As he passed, the driver waved to the farm girl and she waved back.

"I can't believe he hasn't gotten stuck," marvelled John, watching the car as it exited onto the pavement and disappeared around a curve.

"I know. Bad luck your car's stuck pretty good in the clay."

"What kind of slop is this?" asked John. "I've never seen anything like it before."

"We call it Cloverdale clay," she answered. "It's everywhere around here. Sometimes makes crops hard to grow, and if you build your house on it, maybe it'll sink. Not all at once, but a few inches over the years.

"Look, maybe I can help. We have a tractor up in the barn. I'm sure I could pull you out, but it's going to be a major hassle for me later cleaning off the tractor, take most of the afternoon to clean it up again, I expect. My dad would be awful mad at me if he came home and saw I left it in a mess."

"Could I give you 40 bucks to tow me out?" asked John.

She considered it, then smiled at him and nodded. "I'll be back in a few minutes," she promised.

John sat down in the driver's seat to wait. He watched a truck approach behind him, carefully travelling through the mud. The woman behind the wheel nodded at him but was concentrating on the road. John watched in disbelief as she also drove through the mud without difficulty, crested the hill and disappeared.

Five minutes later, the teenager drew up in front of his car on an old blue and red John Deere peppered with rust spots. She leaped off, grabbed a chain she had attached to the back of the tractor, and wrapped it around the front bumper of his car.

"OK, here we go," she shouted over the noise of the tractor.

Inch by inch, the tractor pulled John's car free of the mud's suction, then through the rest of the mud, stopping only when both vehicles were on the paved section of the road. She hopped down again to unfasten the chain, and John gave her a couple of twenties, thanked her, and got back into his car. The young woman waved at him and watched his car vanish around the curve. Then she got back on her tractor and returned to where the car had become stuck.

The Cloverdale clay was already filling in the spots where the tires had been mired. She hopped off her tractor and went into the cornfield where she pulled out a huge irrigation hose. She turned the nozzle on and began wetting down the road. A yellow car crested the hill behind her, the driver cautiously proceeding on the left side of the road. He stopped when he got even with her.

"Hi Kim," he called. "How's business today?"

"Great, Mr. Avery," she replied. "I've already made $130. If this keeps up, I'll have my college tuition paid in no time!"

"Glad to hear it, Kim. Good luck." Mr. Avery drove off on the left side of the road. All the locals knew that even though both sides of the road looked the same, Kim didn't water down the south side. That way, they could all drive safely without fear of getting bogged down. Cloverdale clay always looks wet, even when it's dry, so drivers on the south side of the road barely sank below the surface.

Kim finished watering the road and hid her hose amid the cornstalks once again. She drove the tractor back up the hill, stopping at her driveway. Again she dismounted the tractor, pulled another irrigation hose from the cornfield, and watered down the road, allowing the water to run off down the hill.

When she was finished, she drove the tractor back to the house, through a small pond of water allowing the wheels to clean off, and parked it there. She jumped down and washed the clay off her feet. Then she returned to her chair on the veranda and picked up her novel. She scanned the road leading to town and noticed a black Corvette speeding her way. Kim smiled to herself as the prospect of a new customer loomed closer. Yes, at this rate she would have next year's college tuition saved very soon. ■

Pencil pusher

By Linda Wegner

When one looks at Ron Thring's drawings, it's possible to hear once more the rattle of machinery, to smell the dust and sweat of man or beast and to recall the thrill of bringing home the harvest. His pencil sketches capture the strain and skill of those who work the land.

Thring has developed his childhood interest in drawing into a source of personal satisfaction. He was born and raised near Stoughton, Sask., where, for 20 years, he continued the family tradition of growing grain. Supplementing farm income with earnings from his electrical and roofing business and, now, as a grader operator with the RM of Tecumseh, Thring is well acquainted with the people and the way of life portrayed by his pencil.

When a decision was made to sell the family farm in 1994, the couple kept the original yard of approximately three acres. He and his wife, Wendy, built their log-sided home and future plans include the construction of a permanent art studio.

While his interest in drawing lay dormant for many years, Thring said he is now committed to developing his ability.

"In the past five years I've got serious about it again," he said. Other people are taking him seriously, too, and his work is beginning to attract attention in southern Saskatchewan and parts of the United States. Viewers seem

Ron Thring

to be able to relate to the common people, busy at everyday jobs, that he portrays in his artworks.

Thring credits his brother's artistic talents as a source of direction. He puts a new and positive spin on the concept of sibling rivalry.

"What really inspired me as a child was the drawings that my brother did," he said. "He took a correspondence course when he was 15 but he didn't do anything with it."

Although he himself did "quite a bit of drawing" in his school days, Thring didn't follow through, either. "It sort of fell by the wayside as I got into other things," he said.

Many years passed before art beckoned to him again and Thring determined to change the direction of his own life. A visit to an art gallery in Swift Current proved to be a turning point in his decision to make better use of his creative talents.

It was the work of Bernie Brown, an artist originally from Swift Current and now living in Alberta, that made all the difference.

"I saw his work and that's what inspired me to get out the pencil and get into it again," Thring explained. "I've been working in the pencil medium for three years now."

Brown also uses pencil, but while he focuses on wildlife and western art scenes, Thring has concentrated his efforts in bringing new life to familiar prairie settings. What catches his eye are tractors long out of service, rusting trucks parked in a yard or field, or recollections of horse-drawn hay wagons. All of these images and more emerge, in realistic detail, from the artist's hand and his HB pencil.

His fascination for work extends to more contemporary depictions as well.

"I did two pictures of oil rig workers working on the platform, pictures of carpenters and I'm presently working on a picture of an electrician," he said.

It is Thring's goal to be able to work full-time at his art.

"Until your name gets known, it's hard to break into it," he explained. "Right now I'm just basically working and enjoying my drawing."

When he is able to build his studio, Thring will have the space to allow him to explore oil painting, another skill he would like to develop. Whatever the medium, however, he believes he will continue to be captivated by the same subjects.

A small gallery in Swift Current is now showing a number of Thring's works and others are displayed in various locations in the Stoughton area. He has also been selling some laser-printed copies of his originals.

Although he is not at the stage of being able to make a living from his hobby, he is already using it as a way to express his generosity, by donating drawings for several community fundraising events.

An exhibition of Thring's farmyard art is slated for July and August at the Signal Hill Art Gallery in Weyburn, Sask. ■

Loril

Oddity in our family, a big man
Both stout and tall.
One of those ruddy-faced farmers
With suspenders stretched
over a belly
Bloated from three big meals
a day.
He was also the only prosperous
one,
The successful man of business
Whose business was land and
cattle.
The only one whose wife was
three-time
President of the church's
Ladies Aid.
It was his son, not his brothers'
or sisters'
who became the family's first
physician.
These things are as important
as what he believes in (unknown)
or what he thought of me
(unwanted).

In his little corner, Loril
was a man of substance,
something the rest of us
would never pretend to be.
Look in the old County
Pictorial Atlas:
you'll see his farm
looking expansive and neat.
Something the rest of us
would never . . .
well, I wouldn't.

— **Barry Butson**

Greg Raskob

University of Saskatchewan barn — "the most beautiful barn in the world."

Something about barns

By Darlene Polachic

Greg Raskob has never met a barn he didn't like. Whether it's in tip-top condition or sagging with the weight of years, he will find something attractive about the barn and go to great lengths to record its image on film. "I'm drawn like a fly to syrup," he says with a chuckle. "Barns are in my blood."

Raskob is a self-taught photographer with a good eye for line and composition. He took up the hobby many years ago, using an old Kodak Brownie camera. "About 22 years ago, my wife and family said: 'Let's get Greg a good camera,'" the retired Blue Cross assistant executive director recalls. "They got me a Fuji, and that's when I started being more selective with my shots."

Raskob has always liked shooting landscapes, but he soon noticed that in almost every landscape photograph, there was a barn. "I realized then that I love photographing barns," he says, "and ever since, it has been my passion."

Since retiring 17 years ago, one of Raskob's aims has been to develop a photographic record of Saskatchewan barns for posterity. "So many are being torn down and disappearing," he laments. "There are some that I've photographed through the various stages of collapse, and now they're gone altogether.

"My objective is to keep the image of the barn alive in this generation, and to remind the last generation of what used to be." His colorful, barn-imprinted business card reflects his passion: "Barns by Greg."

Raskob believes he comes by his love of barns naturally. His father, John J. Raskob, was an American barn builder from Sauk Centre, Minn. who came to Saskatchewan in 1905 to homestead in the St. Gregor area. Greg Raskob was born and raised there, and eventually helped his father build barns in the 1940s and 50s. "I learned to appreciate sound structure and good craftsmanship," he says. "One barn my father built was at St. Peter's College at Muenster. It's still in use."

Raskob and his wife, Blanche, enjoy travelling and make regular trips to the United States, British Columbia, and Eastern Canada. Wherever they go, he is on the lookout for barns. "Blanche knows it," he says with a grin, "and what I miss, she'll catch."

As a result, the walls of the Raskob home are liberally hung with framed photographs. Many are of barns. Downstairs, Raskob keeps dozens of numbered binders — all full of barn

photos. His collection includes farm structures from one end of North America to the other.

"As you move across the country, you see differences in barn styles and construction," he points out. "In Ontario, for instance, most barns are sheeted vertically to shed water better. You see a lot of board-and-batten finishing — vertical boards with narrow battens to cover joins.

"In southeastern Saskatchewan, there are a lot of stone foundations because the Scottish and British people who settled there were used to building that way. In the north, logs were used of necessity. In Western Canada and Washington State, there are log and cedar barns and a lot of unpainted buildings. Many people don't think it's proper to paint barns, you know. They believe they should weather naturally and develop their own beauty as they age."

And why exactly are barns painted red? Raskob says he is often asked that question. He believes it is because in the early days, red oxide was the least expensive paint to make and merchants tended to stock a lot of one color so they could sell it at a better price.

"It seems that where German people settled, there are a lot of red barns, but when you get into dairy country, barns are white. I guess it gives them a clean look."

No matter what their color, or where they are situated, Raskob has found farmers to be very proud of their barns. He rarely hears objections when he asks permission to take a photograph. In fact, he has had people call to ask why he hasn't come to take a picture of their beautiful barn. He usually does.

Whenever possible, Raskob likes to get the stories behind his barns. He tells of a pair of very similar structures near Borden, Sask.:

"The Cooper barn was built in 1916, and the Wilson barn in 1917. It seems that Wilson waited until Cooper was finished so he could build his barn two feet longer."

His favorite barn is on the Motherwell Estate near Abernethy, Sask. Now part of a National Historic Site owned by Parks Canada, the barn belonged to William R. Motherwell, a gentleman farmer who became the first agriculture minister of Saskatchewan in 1905.

Raskob also admires the L-shaped barn on the University of Saskatchewan campus in Saskatoon. Also a heritage building, it has been called "the most beautiful barn in the world."

"Some barns have interesting and unusual features," Raskob says. "Near Marcelin, Sask. there are several barns with diagonal sheeting on the front. These were all built by a Mr. Godbout. That [diagonal formation] was his signature.

"Or you'll see quips on barns like 'Last Attempt' near Richardson, Sask., or 'Riskan Hope' on Highway 11. Ironically," he adds, "'Riskan Hope' belonged to a man named Martin Luther."

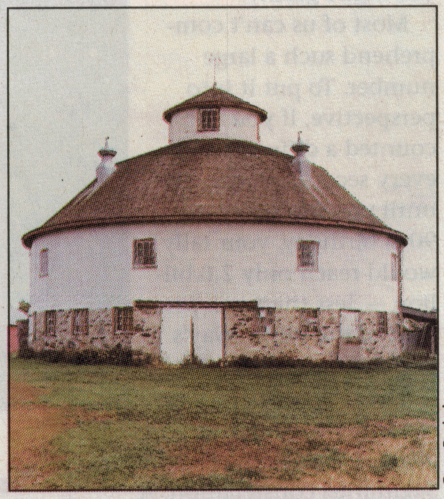
Raskob has gone much further with his fine barn images than displays in albums and on living-room walls. They have appeared in calendars, 18 were featured in David Aldous's book *Barns in Saskatchewan*, and Raskob recently mounted a display of 40 of his photographs in conjunction with the Barn Again! exhibition at the Diefenbaker Museum in Saskatoon. There is talk of another such show in the near future. Raskob also travels around giving lectures on prairie barns, and giving video presentations of his work.

"There's a great interest in barns and barn photos," he says. "Barn calendars are very popular, and hardly a year goes by without a new barn book coming out."

"Barns have a fascination for me," he admits. "Photographing them is a labor of love. I don't profess to be a professional at it, but I like what I do and I like how I do it." ■

Greg Raskob

Ridge Road barn near Stoney Creek, Ont.



Greg Raskob

The Bartel barn west of Drake, Sask.

Greg Raskob

Log and cedar barn west of Golden, B.C.

PRAIRIE NIGHTS

BUBBLE BATH OF GALAXIES

By Stan Shadick

We are citizens of an immense nation of stars and planets known as the Milky Way galaxy. Every star we see at night belongs to this great stellar assembly. The official census estimates that roughly 400 billion stars reside in our home galaxy.

Most of us can't comprehend such a large number. To put it into perspective, if you counted a different star every second of your life until you reached your 90th birthday, your tally would reach only 2.8 billion — less than one percent of the Milky Way's population.

The heart of the galaxy is a spherical bulge of ancient stars located within Sagittarius constellation. A supermassive black hole with a mass equivalent to five million Suns lurks at the centre of this bulge located 26,000 light-years from Earth.

Several spiral arms radiate out from this region in a pinwheel pattern. The stars that belong to these arms revolve slowly around the heart of our galaxy. Our solar system requires 250 million years to complete just one circuit. Because our solar system also oscillates up and down, our real motion resembles that of a horse on a merry-go-round.

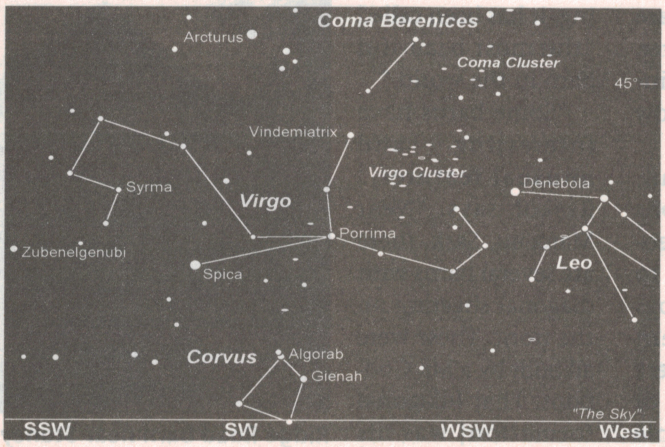
Because many of our neighboring stars are concentrated in these spiral arms, we see more stars when we look into space in the direction of the arms and fewer stars when we look elsewhere. The faint band of light that arches across the night sky through the constellations of Sagittarius, Aquila and Cygnus is known to most people as the Milky Way. If you examine this dim light through binoculars from a dark viewing locality, you will discover that it is made up of thousands of separate stars concentrated within the arms.

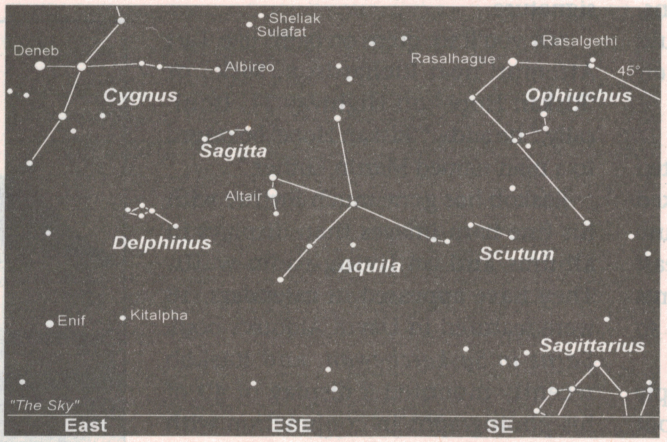
Interstellar dust tends to collect at the centers of the arms. Just as our view of the prairie horizon is obscured during a dust storm, our view of the most distant stars within our galaxy is similarly blocked by this dust lane. If you look carefully, you will notice how the dust divides the light of the Milky Way into two parallel bands in Aquila constellation.

When astronomers use large telescopes to peer out into space beyond the borders of the Milky Way, they discover billions of distant galaxies distributed throughout the universe. The Virgo cluster is one fairly rich concentration of about 2000 galaxies located relatively nearby at a distance of 50 million light-years. The Coma cluster is a more distant assembly of more than 10,000 galaxies situated 300 million light-years from Earth. The brighter members of these clusters are plotted as ovals on this month's star map.

When astronomers in North America began the monumental task of mapping the distribution of galaxies in the universe, they were surprised to discover a Great Wall of galaxies stretching across more than 750 million light-years of space. The Coma cluster forms part of this wall. Astronomers in the southern hemisphere later found a similar southern wall that may link up with its northern counterpart.

Inside and outside this wall, galaxies are sprinkled on the surfaces of gigantic bubbles in space surrounding vast empty regions. Our universe seems to be a bubble bath. What caused the formation of these bubbles remains a great unsolved mystery. ■





Top: Virgo and Coma Berenices above SW horizon, two hours after sunset in June.

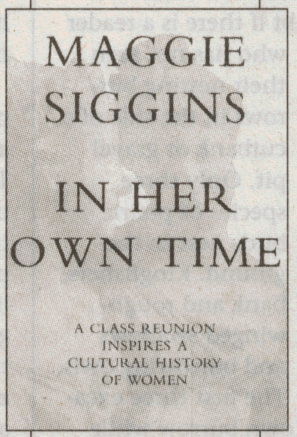
Bottom: Aquila constellation above SE horizon, two hours after sunset in June.

STORIES AND A WARNING

By Verne Clemence

In her new book *In Her Own Time*, Regina author Maggie Siggins looks back on more than 30 years of women's liberation and pronounces the movement a success.

There will be no going back to the patriarchal ways of the first half of the 20th century and beyond, the award-winning Regina author says. After six years of research, she is satisfied that even if younger women don't know everything about the struggles their mothers went through, they've become accustomed to a more egalitarian society and they won't accept anything less.



Subtitled "A class reunion inspires a cultural history of women," the book traces changes in women's status over the centuries by combining anecdotal accounts of real women's lives with historical studies all the way back to the ancient Greek and Roman empires.

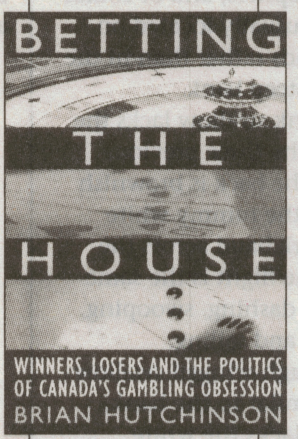
The 20 or so women in the stories were all part of the class of '61 at R.H. King Collegiate in Toronto, Siggins's own high school. This was the so-called cusp generation, born during the war and coming of age in the 1960s just as the women's movement was turning into a social revolution across much of the western world.

Siggins spent up to four days with each of her subjects. The intimate portraits she creates are separated into six categories: Relationships, The Married State, The Body, The Mind, The Soul, and The Imagination. She looks at the women's lives in the context of their relationships with partners, lovers, sons and daughters, and in areas such as intellectualism, imagination, spiritualism, physiology, class, beauty and creativity.

Not surprisingly, church doctrines of many kinds figure prominently in the historical suppression of women's rights. Regardless of the details of this or that dogma, almost all had in common a patriarchal structure that cast women in a subservient role. The same rigid male domination persists today in churches on the Christian right, or in Muslim states.

Siggins's skill as a storyteller together with the drama of the stories of heroines of the feminist struggle past and present make for a compelling and accessible history book. Her upbeat assessment is tempered, however, with the acknowledgement that women in lower income brackets are still battling for economic equality. She says that will be the issue of the 21st century. And many men, especially young men, are still having difficulty dealing with the new reality of gender equality.

In Her Own Time is a HarperCollins book selling for $37 in hardcover.



With all the talk about video lottery terminals and gambling casinos, one of the safest bets around is a book titled *Betting the House: Winners, Losers and the Politics of Canada's Gambling Obsession*.

This is a 1999 book but it's still highly relevant. Researched and written by award-winning Toronto journalist Brian Hutchinson, it looks at the $10-billion gaming industry from the standpoint of its many victims, such as the addicted and those who have lost homes and families in pursuit of that one big win.

Since the federal government paved the way in 1969 by amending the Criminal Code, province after province has gone against the express wishes of majorities within their borders and allowed VLTs and/or casino gambling.

Hutchinson spent months travelling across Canada and through several U.S. states talking to people involved in gaming. What he found convinced him that there should be no further expansion. He calls for a moratorium on casino construction and wants all VLTs removed.

He goes into detail on most aspects of gaming in each province he visited, but his principal finding was that it is governments that have become obsessed with gambling, not the people. The voices of moral leadership have been all but silenced, Hutchinson writes. He cites examples such as Alberta's Stockwell Day, an avowed Christian rightist, who balanced his province's books on gambling profits of about $770 million a year.

Nor does Day or VLT enthusiast Premier Ralph Klein talk much about the 106,000 or so problem gamblers in Alberta, or the fact that less than half of one per cent of gambling revenues goes to help the addicted.

Betting the House is a Viking/Penguin book selling for $32 in hardcover. ■

PRAIRIE WILDLIFE

AN EPISODE OF SWALLOWS

Column No. 1,581
by Doug Gilroy

Trees are just big plants and all plants have blossoms in the spring. Somehow we don't think of trees having flowers (except fruit trees), but they do, and that includes evergreens.

My picture features the flower of a spruce tree. As the flowers mature they become loaded with pollen. Give them a flick with your finger and the pollen floats away like yellow vapor or mist. I remember walking through a grove of thick spruce trees and when I come out my jacket looked to be covered with yellow dust, but it wasn't dust, it was pollen.

Spruce tree flower becomes loaded with pollen as it matures.

Last column I talked about barn swallows. My favorite next to the barn swallow is the tree swallow. This one is quite different in color. Its back is a steely blue and its breast is pure white. Its tail is forked but not as deeply as the barn swallow.

Tree swallows might be found around the farmyard if you provide a suitable box for them to nest in. The natural nesting site is a hole in a tree or a stump. This bird is quite common around beaches and summer resorts. Another kind, very similar to the tree swallow, is the violet green swallow, but instead of having blue reflections it has green. Distinctive white patches on the side of the rump further help to identify it. It is a mountain species so will only be found in the western part of Alberta.

Like the tree swallow it can be induced to nest in boxes and seems to like human company. I have been told that if a hole is bored in the side of a shed and a box is placed on the inside, the violet green swallow will readily nest there.

Next comes the bank swallow. I doubt if there is a reader who has not seen their nesting burrows in the side of a cutbank or gravel pit. Only three species of prairie birds nest in the ground. Kingfishers, bank and rough-winged swallows and burrowing owls. The first three excavate their own burrow while the owl makes use of pre-dug ones such as the holes of badger and gophers, and of course these are usually located on flat grounds rather than in the side of a steep bank.

The bank swallow lacks the luster of the three previous species. The back is brownish grey and the tummy white with a dark band across the breast. The flight is the same however; dashing, swooping, wheeling and sailing.

The rough-winged swallow is very similar to the bank, except it lacks the white throat. Its name arises because the barbs of the outer wing feathers are hook-edged. Therefore, the wing edges feel rough when stroked. While the bank swallow nests in colonies, the rough-winged cousin will nest in solitary or small groups of two or three pairs. Sometimes a pair or two will join a colony of bank swallows. The bird may also nest in rock crevices of walls.

The cliff swallow builds a nest of mud shaped like a bottle. It nests in colonies in such places as under eaves, bridges and cliff walls. Sometimes the nests will be placed together into an almost solid mass.

It is quite pleasing in color. The back is dark with striking head markings and it has a cinnamon rump.

Last but not least, is the big purple martin. This one is about the size of a blackbird. The males are a lovely blue-black with purplish reflections. The female has some purplish reflections but is a little more brownish with a grey band across the back of the neck. The underparts are a mixture of sooty-grey, white and mottled.

Martins have a gentle disposition and are attractive and beneficial birds to have around. ■

NEWS • ISSUES • SCIENCE • ART • VIEWS
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KiDSPiN co-ordinator: Michelle Houlden

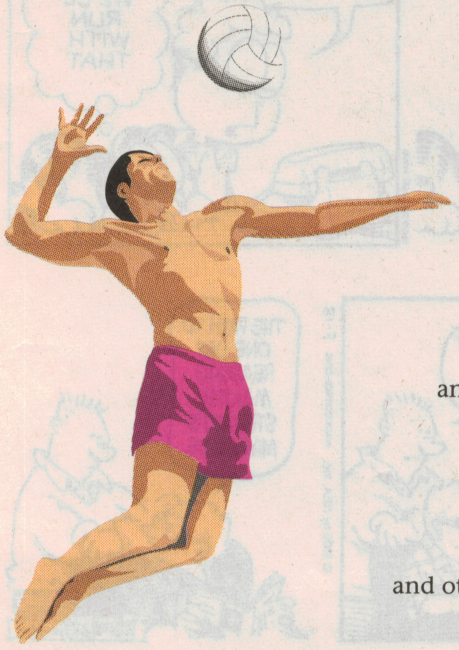
The Kids' Help Phone is free, it's confidential, and it's 24 hours a day. A friend is always on the other end of the line.
1-800-668-6868

Sarah Fleischhacker, 9
Fulda, Sask.

SPORTS

volleyball

Amy Waldner, 13
Glenella, Man.



Player serves ball
One foot over net.
One player goes to hit
ball over net and trips.

Quickly, player from
same team hits
ball over net
to other team.

Player tries to hit ball
and falls over backwards,
lands flat on his back
with ball on face.

Everyone stares
too stunned to move.
Player rolls over
and other team makes point.

I want to know!

We tackle your questions

Send your questions to I want to know! c/o KiDSPiN, Box 2500, Saskatoon, Sask. S7K 2C4 or e-mail us at kidspin@producer.com.

Q: Why do animals have tails?

— Jennifer Zingre, Cecil Lake, B.C.

A: Get ready for a tall tail. Or a short one, depending on what kind of animal you are. (Sorry, I couldn't resist that one ...)

Grazing animals like cows, horses and even elephants have long tails with bushy hairs on the end to swish away flies that try to burrow into sensitive tissues. Other animals, like otters, crocodiles, seals and whales use their tails to help them swim and steer in the water.

Monkey tails can grasp branches and help the animals to swing between trees, while kangaroo tails help to maintain balance during those big leaps. Did you know kangaroos actually use their tails as an extra leg when they're walking? Dogs' and cats' tails swing back and forth to help them maintain balance while running. Lemurs and squirrels use their bushy tails to help them sail through the air.

Some animals, such as rabbits and deer, have very short, white, fluffy tails used to signal others when danger is near. Beavers also slap their flat, muscular tails in warning.

Many birds and fish have elaborate, decorative tails used to attract mates (think of the peacock), while animals like skunks have big, recognizable tails to warn off predators.

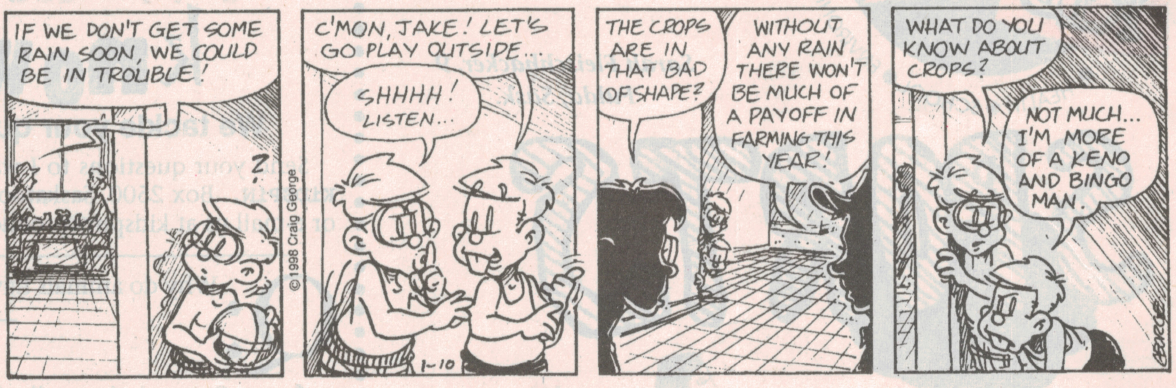
Some animals, hamsters and turtles, for example, have very short tails. Scientists speculate that this could be ***evolution*** at work — all animals change over time, developing new skills or physical traits to help them survive and shedding undesirable or unused traits that hinder survival. Humans have tailbones and surrounding muscle that indicates our ancient ancestors likely had tails but lost them through evolution.

By the way, the animal with the longest tail is the male giraffe, whose tail and hairs can measure up to eight feet (2.5 metres) long! — *Michelle*

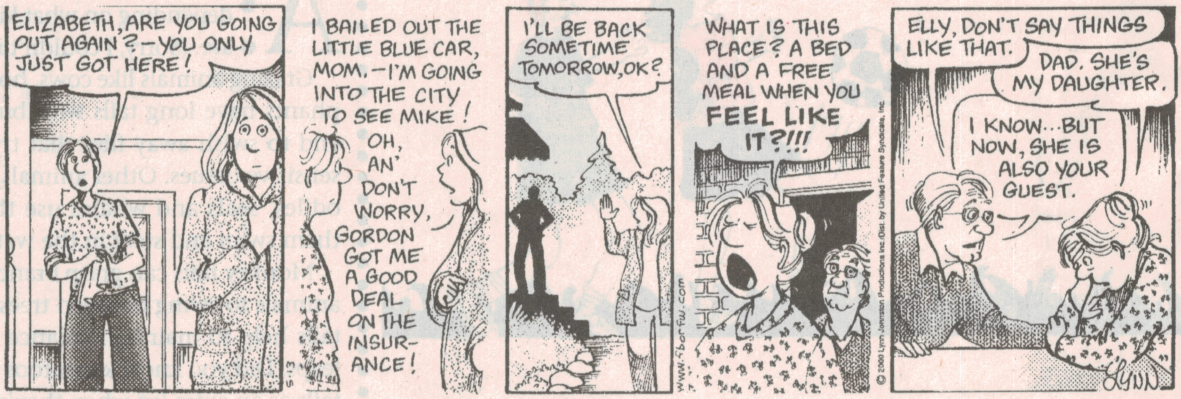
PEANUTS Classics

WELL, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE BACK
THANK YOU
© 1974 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
BUT WHAT A DISASTER! YOU DISGRACED THE NAME OF "BEAGLE SCOUT"!
5-18-00
www.snoopy.com
IMAGINE! GETTING LOST, AND THEN BEING RESCUED BY A GIRL SCOUT SELLING COOKIES!
THEY WERE GOOD COOKIES!
SCHULZ

RURAL ROOTZ


IF WE DON'T GET SOME RAIN SOON, WE COULD BE IN TROUBLE!
?
© 1998 Craig George
C'MON, JAKE! LET'S GO PLAY OUTSIDE...
SHHHH! LISTEN...
1-10
THE CROPS ARE IN THAT BAD OF SHAPE?
WITHOUT ANY RAIN THERE WON'T BE MUCH OF A PAYOFF IN FARMING THIS YEAR!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CROPS?
NOT MUCH... I'M MORE OF A KENO AND BINGO MAN.
GEORGE

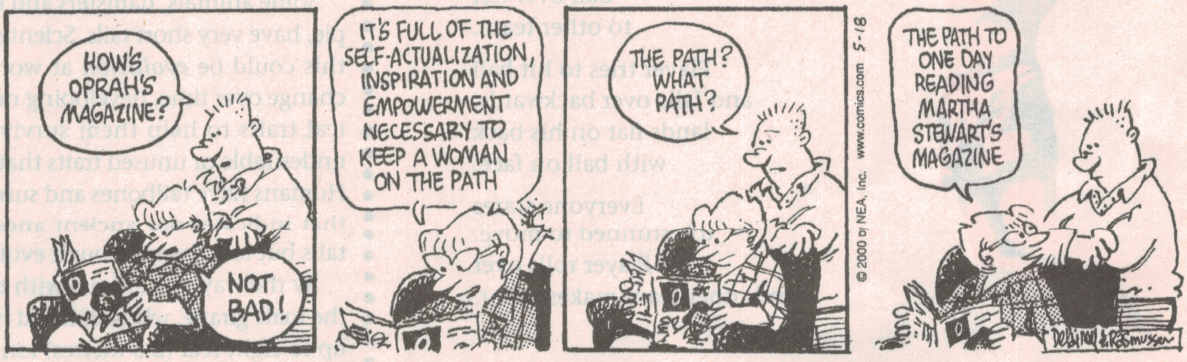
For BETTER or for WORSE


ELIZABETH, ARE YOU GOING OUT AGAIN?—YOU ONLY JUST GOT HERE!
5-13
I BAILED OUT THE LITTLE BLUE CAR, MOM.—I'M GOING INTO THE CITY TO SEE MIKE!
OH, AN' DON'T WORRY, GORDON GOT ME A GOOD DEAL ON THE INSURANCE!
I'LL BE BACK SOMETIME TOMORROW, OK?
www.fborfw.com
WHAT IS THIS PLACE? A BED AND A FREE MEAL WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE IT?!!!
© 2000 Lynn Johnston Productions Inc. Dist. by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
ELLY, DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT.
DAD, SHE'S MY DAUGHTER.
I KNOW...BUT NOW, SHE IS ALSO YOUR GUEST.
LYNN

GARFIELD

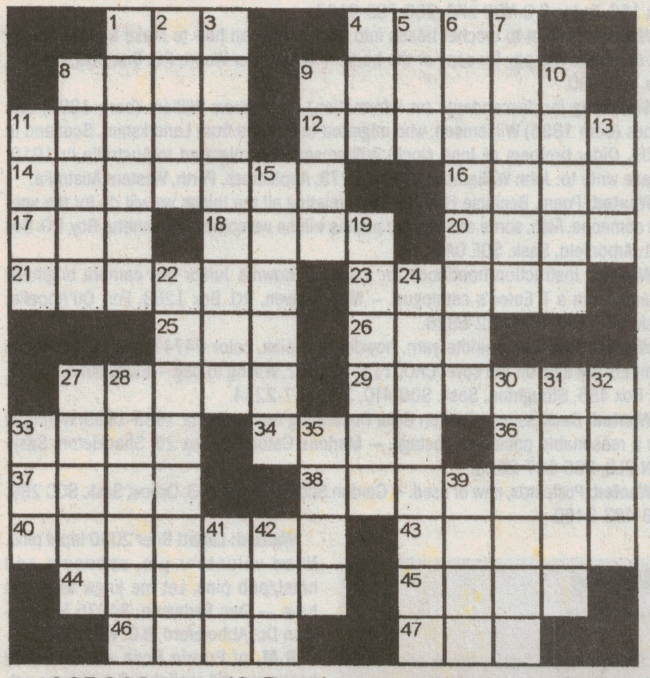
FRIDAY NIGHT:
5-19
© 2000 PAWS, INC. Distributed by Universal Press Syndicate
I BET THE RINGER IS BUSTED
RIGHT, SURE, YEAH, WE'LL RUN WITH THAT
www.garfield.com

BETTY


HOW'S OPRAH'S MAGAZINE?
NOT BAD!
IT'S FULL OF THE SELF-ACTUALIZATION, INSPIRATION AND EMPOWERMENT NECESSARY TO KEEP A WOMAN ON THE PATH
THE PATH? WHAT PATH?
5-18
© 2000 by NEA, Inc. www.comics.com
THE PATH TO ONE DAY READING MARTHA STEWART'S MAGAZINE
DEDINI & RASMUSSEN

Canadian Criss Cross

by Walter D. Feener

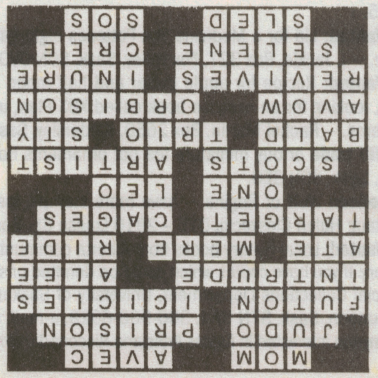


ACROSS

1. Female parent
4. With in French
8. Sport of unarmed combat
9. Place of detention
11. Quilted mattress used for a bed
12. Christmas tree decorations
14. Trespass
16. On the sheltered side
17. Consumed food
18. Being nothing more than
20. Trip on horseback
21. Mark to shoot at
23. Back stops for batting practice
25. Lowest integer
26. Lion constellation
27. Gaelic Highlanders
29. Painter
33. Hairless
34. Threesome
36. Unkempt filthy place
37. Declare assuredly
38. "Pretty Woman" singer
40. Breathes new life into
43. Habituate
44. Moon goddess
45. Manitoba Indian
46. Coaster
47. Ship's call for help

DOWN

1. Speak in an undertone
2. Smell
3. Lasting reminder
4. Luminous discharge between two electrodes
5. Seven
6. Edible snail
7. Sheepdog
8. Political faction
9. Breakwater
10. Requires
11. Authorization
13. Bishop's jurisdiction
15. Loathe
19. Cream filled pastry
22. Kindly feeling
24. Workout for the heart
27. Places data on a disk
28. Pieces of garlic
30. Monthly magazines
31. Retail outlet
32. ___ and Wear, England
33. Counter
35. Flower of love
39. Netsuke
41. Five dollar bill
42. Terminal point



MAILBOX

Listings are free but only run once. Please be brief. Issues are prepared three weeks in advance of publication date. Send info to: Mailbox, Western People, Box 2500, Saskatoon S7K 2C4.

Eldersley history book, $35. Contact: Marie Floch, P.O. Box 297, Tisdale, Sask. S0E 1T0, 306-873-4846.

Galahad and district homecoming, July 7-9, 2000. If you, or someone you know, have lived in the Galahad district and have not received an invitation, please contact: The Homecoming Committee, P.O. Box 120, Galahad, Alta. T0B 1R0, e-mail: penross@telus-planet.net, 780-583-2183.

Bounty School bell commemoration and dance, July 15, 2000, Bounty Hall, Bounty, Sask. Program will begin at 3 p.m. followed by local talent and recollections of the past and evening dance. Everyone welcome. For information, contact: Gary Lewis, 780-464-4233, Dale Dallas, 306-856-4646, ldallas@sk.sympatico.ca, Merrilyn Rafoss, 306-867-9881, Murray Barton, 306-867-8180, bar-10@sk.sympatico.ca, or Billie Jones, 306-856-2171.

Lilydale school yard (south of Maidstone) old-fashioned school picnic and potluck supper, July 30, 2000. Fun, games, races, displays, buried treasure, socializing, and more. Mark your calendar. Everyone welcome. For more information call 306-893-2970 or 306-823-4585.

Wanted: Large stuffed paper cat. Will pay for it. – Beatrice Moncrief, P.O. Box 65, St. Walburg, Sask. S0M 2T0.

Wanted: Book, Charlie Russell Roundup. Please write and state price. – Wilma Loseth, P.O. Box 508, Valemount, B.C. V0E 2Z0, call collect 250-566-4808.

Wanted: Address for the woman that fixes fine china. Please write: P.O. Box 81, Sedley, Sask. S0G 4K0.

Wanted to purchase a copy of Land of Hope by Esther Ghan (Hoffer). Send to: P.O. Box 133, Fillmore, Sask. S0G 1N0, 306-722-3576.

Wanted: Any information regarding Ridgeways Royal Vistas Ware china. Emblem on bottom notes "from paintings by famous artists," tones of brown, gold rim and handles. Reply to: Helen Isaac, P.O. Box 210, Roblin, Man. R0L 1P0.

Continued on page 16

AT THE BEACH

Word Find puzzle
by Janice M. Peterson

When all the words in the list have been found, the letters left over will spell the solution.

Y	F	L	A	G	G	N	I	R	O	L	P	X	E	D
A	D	T	E	K	C	U	B	C	I	N	C	I	P	R
C	R	L	I	C	R	A	B	A	D	O	O	F	B	I
H	C	I	I	U	P	E	B	B	L	E	S	Y	O	N
T	S	L	A	G	S	E	V	A	W	N	L	B	A	K
S	W	K	I	H	H	M	O	F	S	I	L	L	T	S
L	I	S	C	F	C	T	I	U	N	H	E	A	S	E
O	M	G	H	O	F	K	H	W	H	S	H	N	H	S
O	M	N	S	A	R	S	C	O	S	N	S	K	A	S
P	I	O	I	N	U	D	L	E	U	U	S	E	R	A
K	N	H	F	E	S	I	A	S	D	S	A	T	B	L
C	G	T	D	A	D	W	N	T	O	W	E	L	O	G
O	D	A	I	A	E	A	L	L	E	R	B	M	U	N
R	P	L	Y	E	S	L	L	U	G	A	E	S	R	U
S	A	N	D	C	A	S	T	L	E	E	D	A	H	S

Blanket
Boats
Bucket
Cliffs
Crab
Deckchair
Drink
Exploring
Fish
Flag
Food
Harbour
Holiday
Lighthouse
Pebbles
Picnic
Rockpools
Rocks
Sail
Sandcastle
Seagulls
Seaweed
Shade
Shells
Spade
Sunglasses
Sunhat
Sunshine
Surf
Swim Suit
Swimming
Thongs
Towel
Umbrella
Waves
Yacht

Solution (15 letters):

Day of sun and sand

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MORE MAILBOX

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Continued from page 15

Wanted: People interested in creative writing. – Della A. Runka, 92 - 13404 - 96th St., Edmonton, Alta. T5E 4B4, 780-456-2353.

Wanted: Cushion cross stitch kits by Verachtert Nos. 501, 502, 504. Will pay or trade with patterns. – Sharlene Wasylyshyn, Box 6, Site 102, R.R. 1, Stony Plain, Alta. T7Z 1X1.

Wanted: Any blooming perennials, especially peonies or dahlias, if anyone has to share. – Tamra Entz, P.O. Box 400, Foremost, Alta. T0K 0X0.

Wanted: Words to Home-Town. Contact: Sylvia Ellis, P.O. Box 747, Oyen, Alta. T0J 2J0.

Collecting used stamps for cancer. – Trudy Banks, 305 - 1050 - 1st St. E., Prince Albert, Sask. S6V 0C4.

Wanted: Copy of poem "The Builders" that was printed in a Manitoba literature textbook in 1930s. Believe first lines were: "All our architects of faith, Working in these walls of time, Some with massive deeds and great, Some with ornaments of rhyme." Please write: Mrs. Mae Taylor, P.O. Box 572, Hamiota, Man. R0M 0T0.

Wanted: Song and words of There's a gold mine in the sky and Thirty pieces of silver. Have many other songs to trade. – L. Schmidt, 303 - 12th St. (214), Cold Lake, Alta. T9M 1B9.

Kerrobert homecoming and 90th birthday, July 21-23, 2000. Also, Echoes From The Tower for publication in June. To ensure getting a book, send $30 deposit to Kerrobert History Book, P.O. Box 463, Kerrobert, Sask. S0L 1R0. Final price $85. For more information phone 306-834-2361.

Elstow Agricultural Society 90th anniversary celebration, Aug. 12, 2000, Elstow Hall. If interested, please contact for more information: Diane Hrechuk, 306-257-3674; Les Camm, 306-257-3677; Vera Wyshynski, 306-257-3642, Barry & Betty Rugg, 306-257-3657. Please confirm your reply by June 30 to: Diane Hrechuk, P.O. Box 76, Elstow, Sask. S0K 1M0.

Ceylon and District History Book Committee will be publishing an update of Builders of a Great Land Continues. Are asking for family history updates, stories, pictures and other information. Write: Ceylon History Book, P.O. Box 101, Ceylon, Sask. S0C 0T0, 306-454-2242, fax: 306-454-2623, e-mail: gustafson.vvf@sk.sympatico.ca.

Wonowon (Blueberry) homecoming reunion 2000, Aug. 4-6. You are invited to attend this weekend celebration and events with friends and neighbors who were at one time or still are at Wonowon, B.C. or area. Please send names and addresses of interested persons, or for more information, contact: Laurie Dowd, R.R. 1, Site 2, Comp. 17, Fort St. John, B.C. V1J 4M6, 250-785-4358 or Hattie Close, 10404 - 92nd St., Fort St. John, B.C. V1J 3H8, 250-787-7583.

Garthland, LacCheval and Stoney Lake three-school reunion, Aug. 4-6, 2000, Wingard Hall. For more info, contact: Elsie Hunter, P.O. Box 424, Duck Lake, Sask. S0K 1J0, 306-467-4978.

Trailride reunion, July 10-15, 2000, Cypress Hills-Ranchmans Cutting Horse Assoc. will be held at Glen Vowles Ranch near the park. Come for a ride or a good ole chin wag. For info, contact: Cheryl Collins, 403-773-2208 or Elaine Cozart, 306-759-2065.

Christian Heritage School 25th anniversary, May 19-21. May 19 there will a golf tournament at Shilo; 20th is the annual fundraising banquet; 21st there will be a family fun day for all alumni. If you are a former student, parent or grandparent of a student, teacher or staff of the school, please call Sally, 204-725-3209 for more information and registration for these events.

Echoes of a Century – History of Douglas, Man. area. Over 360 pages, hard cover, lots of photos. Reduced to $10 per copy, plus $6 shipping and handling. Cheques or money orders payable to: Douglas History Book, P.O. Box 154, Douglas, Man. R0K 0R0.

Pleasantdale homecoming, July 6-8, 2001. Former residents of Pleasantdale and surrounding area please submit your current addresses for family and friends, are compiling a new address list. Please forward your addresses to: P.O. Box 5, Pleasantdale, Sask. S0K 3H0 by May 30, 2000.

Estevan Collegiate Institute (ECI) reunion 2000 and homecoming, July 21-23, for all classes from 1914 to 1969, Estevan, Sask. For details, phone Larry Preddy, 306-634-7708, 306-634-3666 or fax 306-634-1963.

Thanks to all the great ladies who responded to my request for price on crocheted tablecloth. Overwhelming response. – Roberta Woodward, P.O. Box 793, Grimshaw, Alta. T0H 1W0.

Wanted: Instructions for making soap with canola oil. – Lydia Waldner, P.O. Box 247, Oakville, Man. R0H 0Y0.

Wanted: Information where to obtain Butler papers. Also, would the lady who wanted the words to You're the kind of a girl that men forget, please write: Sybil E. Weighill, P.O. Box 150, Taylor, B.C. V0C 2K0, 250-789-3197.

Wanted: Pattern to crochet beads into doilies. Also on how to make a plant hanger out of beads. Will pay for copy or the book. – W. Van Der Woort, P.O. Box 369, Erskine, Alta. T0C 1G0.

Searching for descendants (or information) on brothers William (born 1881) and James (born 1886) Williamson, who migrated to Canada from Lanarkshire, Scotland in 1909. Older brothers of John (Jock) Williamson who migrated to Australia in 1910. Please write to: John Williamson, P.O. Box 273, Applecross, Perth, Western Australia.

Wanted: Poem, Because He's Her Man, relating all the things we will do for the special someone. Also, some anniversary poems will be welcome. – Jeannette Roy, P.O. Box 331, Arborfield, Sask. S0E 0A0.

Wanted: Instruction handbook for a six-16 Brownie Junior box camera originally ordered from a T. Eaton's catalogue. – Mary Craven, P.O. Box 1263, Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask. S0G 1S0, 306-332-5828.

Wanted: One ball Spinrite yarn, powder puff pink, color #4747, dye lot 12. These numbers are also on the cover CA00111, 172002. Willing to pay. – Elizabeth A. Dickie, P.O. Box 455, Stoughton, Sask. S0G 4T0, 306-457-2254.

Wanted: Back issues of Wilton Cake Decorating Yearbooks for 1983-1995. Willing to pay a reasonable price and postage. – Marjorie Cator, P.O. Box 25, Shackleton, Sask. S0N 2L0, 306-587-2910.

Wanted: Postcards, new or used. – Gordon Scott, P.O. Box 703, Oxbow, Sask. S0C 2B0, 306-483-2460.

Wanted: Labatt Brier 2000 lapel pins. Need volunteer pin, sponsors and hotel/pub pins. Let me know what you have. – Dan Pederson, 34075 McCrimmon Dr., Abbotsford, B.C. V2S 2V6.

R.M. of Prairie Rose #309 history books are still available. Two-volume set, 1036 pages of family histories and pictures, etc. $91 a set including GST. For information, phone 306-365-4760 or 306-528-4630, or write to: Dorothy Pomfret, Box 40, Lockwood, Sask. S0K 2R0.

Ceylon and district hoedown 2000, July 1-2, 2000. Pancake breakfasts both days. Saturday features parade, slowpitch ball tournament, beef pit barbecue supper, cabaret. Sunday, interdenominational church service, 4-H beef achievement day and other fun activities at local regional park. Everyone welcome to come celebrate the year 2000 with our community.

Conquest and district homecoming, July 1. Lots of fun events. "Come on Home to Conquest!" Write: P.O. Box 151, Conquest, Sask. S0L 0L0, and let us know you are interested in coming.

Acadia Valley Celebration 2000, June 30-July 2. We invite anyone who ever lived, taught or worked in the M.D. of Acadia #34 to join us for the festivities. Contact: Don, 403-972-3849 or Box 2000, Acadia Valley, Alta. T0J 0A0, e-mail: pdidychu@telusplanet.net.

Melville homecoming, Aug. 4-7, Sharing the Memory, Shaping the Dream. To register send $8/person; $15/family, children 17 and under living at home free. Make cheques payable to: Melville Millennium Committee. Send to: Registration Committee, Box 429, Melville, Sask. S0A 2P0. Chairperson: Anne Mang, 306-728-5711.

Delia senior citizens are celebrating the Centennial Year 2000 with a daylight dance and jamboree, new Delia Community Hall, June 21, 2000, starting 10 a.m. We welcome all former Delia-ites and friends. A fun-filled day for $12.50 each, lunch at noon.

Wanted: One or two balls of Phentex white baby brite yarn. Desperately needed to finish large project. Contact: K. Lugg, Box 8, Site 2, R.R. 2, Sundre, Alta. T0M 1X0, 403-638-2875.

Wanted: Lid for a Medicine Hat Potteries eight-gallon butter churn. Write and state price. – I. Jackle, Box 327, Fox Valley, Sask. S0N 0V0.

Wanted: Recipe for apple butter and half moon pies. Believe are an Amish treat. Also, looking for an exercise book called XBX Plan, used in the RCAF and doll clothes patterns. – Rachel Martin, Box 2650, Kindersley, Sask. S0L 1S0.

Will trade or buy miniature tea pot ornaments from Red Rose tea. –Box 44, Mortlach, Sask. S0H 3E0.

Colleen Wolf of Regina – have more stamps, lost your address and have moved. Contact: Helen Cieszecki, D16 - 2910 Louise St., Saskatoon, Sask. S7J 3M2.

Wanted: Local history books from Alberta communities by University of Saskatchewan Library. If you have copies which could be donated or sold, please contact: Neil Richards, Special Collections Department, University of Saskatchewan Library, 3 Campus Drive, Saskatoon, Sask. S7N 5A4, 306-966-6029, e-mail: neil.richards@usask.ca.

Anyone interested in figures Artesiana Rinconada. Write: Box 365, Delisle, Sask. S0L 0P0.

Mailbox guidelines

- Items are published on a first-come, first-served basis.
- The value of items should not exceed $20.
- Only trades or offers to buy will be published. Exceptions are history books and cookbooks sold by local committees. Mailbox is not for selling items.
- Requests for collectors' items and china are not acceptable because it is likely they would exceed the $20 limit.
- Notices about pets and perishables are not accepted. (There may be delays in publishing the notice.)
- Mailbox is not for the promotion or publicizing of political or religious beliefs.
- We reserve the right to edit and condense notices.
- Letters should list no more than five items. Only one letter a week will be accepted. Since Mailbox is free, a notice will be printed only once. For another listing, you must send a new letter.
- "Help wanted" and related ads belong in the classified section of the newspaper.